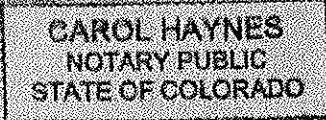


"Squisher the Fish"

by: Deborah J. Thomas  
for Savannah



My Commission Expires 3-11-2004

*Carol Haynes*

Deborah J. Thomas

Squisher the Fish

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Once upon a time not so long ago, the sea began to sparkle as a life came into bloom. The tides of the ocean, when directed by the moon, swirl life into spaces in this place of constant motion.

So begins the story of Squisher the fish. A beauty of an angelfish, a Rock Beauty that is. Guarded by his parents until the egg hatched out of the fry. Then out on his own as soon as he's able to swim and hide. At the edge of a reef, in a pile of rocks, Squisher found a hole to call his very own. Squisher slept wonderfully throughout the night. All too soon it was morning as the sun took the night. Squisher awoke curious and hungry for a bite. The sounds were calling him to venture, so he swam towards the light. Wow! Squisher was astounded, peering out of his hole, bright and wonderful, everything in sight. A rainbow of colors, fish of all kinds, eating and meeting, swimming left and right.

That's when Squisher said to a Redlip Blenny named Glen, "It's a pleasure to meet you I hope we can be friends. I'd like someone to teach me and tell me what is what." Glen smiled a big grin and began "I'd love to help you out, just follow me along the way and we'll eat and sing and play, play, play." The little Blenny sang this song: